

SNAP SHOTS  
AT HOME NEWS

Topeka Temple No. 10, Pythian Sisters, will hold their regular business meeting Monday evening, September 20, at 8 P. M.

The Rev. G. H. Krueger of the German Evangelical Lutheran church will preach Sunday at Powhattan, Kan. No service will be held at the local church.

"Seed, Soil and Harvest" is the subject of the sermon by the pastor, Mrs. Clara H. Hazlerigg, at the Abundant Christian church, Stevens street and Linden avenue, Sunday morning.

Dean Kaye begins his Bible class for men Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. A systematic study of the Old Testament begins at once. The class is open to all men.

Lewis (Skunk) Wisdom was bound over to the district court on two felony charges this morning in the court of Topeka. Wisdom was caught Thursday with a case of whisky and jug of alcohol.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slusser have been called to Melvern, Kan., by the serious illness of their son-in-law, Charles Reeves, who is in a hospital at that place with an attack of appendicitis.

The following marriage licenses were issued at the probate court office this morning: John L. Pogson, 21, and Fay N. Lewis, 18, both of Topeka. Cristobal Lopez, 22, and Villalria Gasca, 15, both of Topeka.

"The Experience of Jesus as a Basis of His Teaching" will be the subject of Dr. Arthur S. Henderson's lecture to his Bible class Sunday at 10 A. M. at the First Congregational church, corner Seventh and Harrison streets.

T. B. Jennings has returned from his ten day vacation trip over the state. Mr. Jennings visited several weather stations in Kansas while he was gone. Friday afternoon he took charge of the weather bureau while the rest of the employees there took in the fair.

Judge A. W. Dana sustained the demurrer filed by Attorney General S. M. Brewster to the injunction and mandamus petition filed recently by A. A. Graham, who wants to compile the 1915 statutes. Graham asked leave to amend his petition and was given five days in which to do it.

At the meeting of the Court of Honor Friday night Mrs. Mary Eggleston was elected warden. Following the resignation of C. P. Mitchell, who is attending chiropractic school, John Alexander acted in the place of Dr. C. M. Hensley, recorder, who was called to Kansas City Friday.

The first meeting this fall of the Walnut Grove Brotherhood will be held Monday, September 20, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Interesting talks will be made by members who have been away on their vacations. The Walnut Grove quarter will sing and watermelon will be served.

Among the state fair visitors this week were: A. F. Trumbull, Kirwin; A. J. Brotemarkle, Kirwin; Hugh McMillan, Irving; Robert Potts and Alex. Kaine of Wamego; James Fullerton, Chapman; George E. Chappell, Scranton; S. K. Beach, Maple Hill; William Adams, Morganville; W. H. Smith, Morganville; and John Renfro, Denison.

Damage suits aggregating \$62,500 that were filed in the spring against the German-American bank by Carry M. Shanklin and Frank M. Shanklin, of Fort Worth, Texas, were dismissed in the first division of the district court this morning. The dismissal was voluntary on the part of E. S. Quinton and Waters & Waters, attorneys for the plaintiffs. There was some difficulty in regard to the evidence in the case, making it impossible for the attorneys to complete the case.

The local weather bureau has been literally swamped with telephone calls from out of town people who motored here to see the fair. Parties from all over the state desire to know the extent of the rain last night in order to get a line on the condition of the roads. Many cars probably will be left in Topeka and the owners will return home by train. Dozens of inquiries were received at the State Journal office where full reports of the rainfall are received every morning at 9 o'clock.

A Ford car, driven by W. H. Coverdale, collided with a street car at Fifteenth and Western avenue Friday night. The fender of the auto was smashed, one front wheel was knocked off and the car was scratched and dented in several places. The street car was only slightly damaged. Coverdale, an out of town man, was driving west on Douthitt avenue, according to the report by the street car company, and was on the south side of the street, crossing the tracks to make the turn at Western avenue and ran into the street car. Nobody was injured in the accident. Coverdale's address could not be learned.

Mell Womer, former Kansan, who has relatives living at Smith Center, Kan., and who was believed to have been killed by bandits in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, is now believed to be alive. Information that he was alive at least as late as September 6 was conveyed to Senator Charles Curtis today in a telegram from Robert Lansing, secretary of state. The telegram states that the American consul had informed Lansing that according to a telegram from the commanding officer of Casa Grandes, Mexico, Womer left that place for El Paso on September 6. Womer, who has large holdings in Chihuahua, disappeared from his estates several weeks ago. It is believed he was held prisoner by bandits.

## JANE ADDAMS' APPEAL

Chicago Woman Issues Her Resolution Looking to European Peace.

Chicago, Sept. 18.—An international commission composed of representatives from the United States and the neutral nations of Europe, which would have as its object the ending of the European war, is proposed in a resolution drawn by Miss Jane Addams.

Copies of the resolution, which is said to represent the concrete results of Miss Addams' recent trip to the Hague convention, will be mailed to men and women in public life and to representatives of various societies throughout the country today.

Card of Thanks.  
We desire to thank our many friends and relatives for their kindness shown during the death of our son Ray. And also for the beautiful flowers.  
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## GOOD MR. BOWSER

He and a Tramp Do the Monday Wash.

Mrs. Bowser was frightened when she woke of a Monday morning. Mr. Bowser still lay on his back snoring, but she felt that it was long past the hour for their getting up. She had a feeling also that the cook had not returned from her visit to her mother Sunday night.

She had a cold, and a sore throat, and a headache, but she slipped into a kimono and ran downstairs. Half an hour later! No cook! No preparation for breakfast! She ran upstairs and woke Mr. Bowser and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Bowser, but what shall we do? It is an hour late, the cook hasn't got back and I am too sick to get your breakfast! Please don't raise a row with me."

"No one is going to raise a row with you, dear," he replied, as he got out of bed. "No one can help being sick. You get right into bed and lay there, and I will scratch up my own breakfast."

"But this is wash day!" she wailed. "If Maggie don't come back, I don't know what we shall do. There isn't a towel or napkin, but what is laid out for the wash."

"Do? Do? Why, I will do the washing myself if Maggie is not back here, the cook and I finish breakfast. But I guess she will be. Don't worry. I will come up to see you in about fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Bowser was too astonished to say more. She had seen times when Mr. Bowser wanted to take her head off for far less, and yet he was as good as pie over this. Sunday morning.

Mr. Bowser may boast that he is a chef of the first water, but it is only a boast. He is not even a seventh-class cook when it comes to brass tacks. Without coat or vest and in his old slippers, he moused around the kitchen until he found some cold potatoes and a dozen eggs. Then he built a fire and started in on the coffee first. No matter how much water he used to half a cup of the ground coffee, nor how long he boiled it, he was satisfied with it. The frying pan was made red hot, a chunk of bacon put in to furnish the grease, and while three eggs were burning to cinders, he sliced in four or five potatoes and his morning banquet was ready. He was devouring it on the dining table, when there came a ring at the basement door and he said to himself:

"There's Maggie now, and that let's me out of a fix."

But it wasn't Maggie. It was a great big tramp, instead, and he wanted something to break his morning fast.

"See here, Willie," said Mr. Bowser, as he stood in the door. "Did you ever do a family washing?"

"Did I?" replied the tramp. "Well, you can bet your life I have—thousands of them. Didn't I do all the washing for my invalid

wife, who is now in heaven for twelve long years? Then her happy soul passed away, and I went to a laundry and I would have been there yet earning my \$20 a week if an infernal German craft had not torpedoed the whole business."

"My wife is sick and our cook has gone," said Mr. Bowser, "and there is a whole Monday wash to do. If you will help me through with it, I'll give you your breakfast and lunch and a big round dollar in cash."

"I will have to run out for bluing and chloride or lime. They are what makes the washing so easy," he said. "I will have to run out for bluing and chloride or lime. They are what makes the washing so easy," he said.

There was a heaping basket of clothes on the tubs in the kitchen, and looking them over, the tramp said:

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Mr. Bowser stirred. He stirred vigorously. He stirred with all his might, and when he had to pause for breath he said:

"I never saw such darn blue water as this in all my life before! Didn't you put in too much?"

"I should have put in a second box if we had had it. It's the blue that does the business."

"But Mrs. Bowser," interrupted the tramp. "A woman does the washing one way, and a tramp another. It all comes to the same thing in the end. Now, then, you get those duds into the tub and we will give them the final performance."

Mr. Bowser did so, and when he had finished, if he had had a glass to look into, he would have probably taken that tramp by the neck then and there. He was a blue man from top to toe. His hair, what there was of it, was blue. His eyes were blue. His eyebrows were blue. There were fifty streaks up and down his face, and each was bluer than the other. He had introduced a new style of car pet slipper to the market—a blue one.

Cold water was let into the tub, and the clothes stirred around, and after a quarter of an hour, things didn't look quite as blue under the tramp's orders. Each garment was lifted up, and put through the ringer. The ringer had always been of a pearl color. It was now blue. As the last garment was passed through, Mr. Bowser stood back and said:

"I believe we have made some thundering mistake about the bluing!"

"It can't be," was the reply. "But look at the blue! Am I going to wear a blue shirt around after this, and sleep on a blue bed?"

"You simply don't understand up-to-date methods of laundry work. We will now hang the washing on the line, and you will see that blue fade away like a scared rabbit before a hound dog."

Together they had hung out part of the clothes, when two things occurred to interrupt them. Back windows went up, and heads and shoulders were thrust out, and the alley fence began to be lined with children. There was laughing and tittering and calling, and somehow or other, Mr. Bowser got the idea that they were poking fun at those blue garments.

Also, the cook came along. She had fallen and hurt her knee, the previous night and was too lame to walk. She entered the kitchen, and saw the blue floor—the blue tubs—the blue water—the blue tramp—the blue Mr. Bowser—and she looked out and saw the blue clothes hanging on the line. With a shriek she ran upstairs and five minutes later, when Mr. Bowser followed her, he found her and Mrs. Bowser looking out of one of the back windows. They turned at his steps, and looked him up and down. Then both sank to the floor and broke into hysterical laughter.

"What is it?" innocently asked Mr. Bowser.

But they could not answer him. He turned and walked down stairs, not angered, but a little grieved, to take it out on the tramp, but Willie had departed. So had the silver butter dish and the sugar bowl. He could stay no longer. A feeling of blue depression had come over him and he thought Mr. Bowser might be a hard-hearted man if aroused.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Bowser and the cook came down, and got that washing out of sight, and then pitched in and got Mr. Bowser a fine luncheon. Mrs. Bowser had laughed her illness



HE BROKE THEM ALL INTO THE BAYING RANT.



"HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A BIG BUCK DEER."

"But couldn't you hunt up a regular wash woman?"

"There isn't no need of that. Both the tramp and I know all about washing. You just be a good girl and in an hour or two, you will feel better. It will only be fun for me to do the work for one day. We may hear from Maggie before noon, and then she can take care of you."

Mr. Bowser had made up his mind, and protests would have been useless. Mrs. Bowser realized that the washing would be something awful to look back upon for the next twenty years but she fell back upon her pillow and closed her eyes.

When Mr. Bowser got down stairs, he tramp had just finished the last scrub of his breakfast and standing up to shake it down. In tones of do or die, he said:

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away. Mr. Bowser kept his eye on her and his ears open, but no remarks were made. How could they be? Mr. Bowser had been good—very, very good.—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## BIG WHEAT SHOW

It Will Be Held at Wichita, October 11 and 12.

October 11 and 12 were the dates set for the International Wheat show at Wichita as the result of a meeting of W. C. Edwards, Mayor O. H. Bentley of Wichita and President H. J. Waters of the Kansas State Agricultural college, held in Topeka today.

The International Wheat show is a new venture and a big one. It will be held in conjunction with the Wichita fair and exposition scheduled for October 4-14, inclusive. It is the idea of the officials of the wheat show to awaken more interest in grain farming. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in prizes are to be awarded for wheat alone. Governor Arthur Capper of Topeka is one of the board of governors. J. C. Mohler, secretary of agriculture, is another. Delegates from all parts of the country will attend.

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